

# The New-York Weekly Magazine;

## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

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[No. 75.]

### EXTRAORDINARY INTREPIDITY OF THE JOMSBURGIANS:

**H**ISTORY informs us, that Harold, surnamed Blaaland, or Blue Tooth, (a king of Denmark, who reigned in the middle of the tenth century) had founded on the coast of Pomerania, which he had subdued, a city named Julin or Jomsburg; where he sent a colony of young Danes, and bestowed the government on a celebrated warrior named Palnatoko. This new Lycurgus had made of that city a second Sparta; and every thing was directed to this single end, to form complete soldiers. The author who has left us the history of this colony, assures us, that "it was forbidden them so much as to mention the name of fear, even in the most imminent dangers." No citizen of Jomsburg was to yield to any number, however great, but to fight intrepidly without flying, even from a very superior force. The sight of present and inevitable death would have been no excuse with them for making any the least complaint, or for shewing the slightest apprehension. And this legislator really appears to have eradicated from the minds of most of the youths bred up under him, all traces of that sentiment so natural and so universal, which makes men think on their destruction with horror. Nothing can shew this better than a single fact in their history, which deserves to have place here for its singularity. Some of them having made an irruption into the territories of a powerful Norwegian lord, named Haquin, were overcome in spite of the obstinacy of their resistance; and the most distinguished among them being made prisoners, were, according to the custom of those times, condemned to death. The news of this, far from afflicting them, was, on the contrary, received with joy. The first who was led to punishment was content to say, without changing countenance, and without expressing the least sign of fear, "why should not the same happen to me as did to my father? he died, and so must I." A warrior named Thorchill, who was to cut off the head of the second, having asked him what he felt at the sight of death, he answered, "that he remembered too well the laws of Jomsburg to utter any words that denoted fear." The third, in reply to the same question, said, "he rejoiced to die with glory, and that he preferred such a death to an in-

famous life like that of Thorchill's." The fourth made an answer much longer and more extraordinary: "I suffer with a good heart; and the present hour is to me very agreeable. I only beg of you," added he, addressing himself to Thorchill, "to be very quick in cutting off my head; for it is a question often debated by us at Jomsburg, whether one retains any sense after being beheaded. I will therefore grasp this knife in my hand; if, after my head is cut off, I strike it towards you, it will shew I have not lost all sense; if I let it drop, it will be a proof to the contrary. Make haste, therefore, and decide the dispute." Thorchill, adds the historian, cut off his head in the most expeditious manner, but the knife, as might be expected, dropped from his hand. The fifth shewed the same tranquility, and died rallying and jeering his enemies. The sixth begged of Thorchill that he might not be led to punishment like a sheep; "strike the blow in my face," said he, "I will sit still without shrinking; and take notice whether I once wink my eyes or betray one sign of fear in my countenance. For we inhabitants of Jomsburg are used to exercise ourselves in trials of this sort, so as to meet the stroke of death without once moving." He kept his promise before all the spectators, and received the blow without the least sign of fear, or so much as winking his eyes. The seventh, says the historian, was a very beautiful young man, in the flower of his age. His long fair hair, as fine as silk, floated in curls and ringlets on his shoulders. Thorchill asked him what he thought of death? "I receive it willingly," said he, "since I have fulfilled the greatest duty of life, and have seen all those put to death whom I would not survive. I only beg of you one favour, not to let my hair be touched by a slave, or stained with my blood."

### COMMUNION WITH OUR OWN HEARTS.

**I**F we could but learn to commune with our own hearts, and know what noble company we can make them, we should little regard the elegance and the splendors of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile,



THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;  
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAMIA.  
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

*Translated from the German of Tschink.*

(Continued from page 171.)

THE Duke wrote only the following few lines:

"My dearest love! I address myself to you on the  
"brink of the grave; your hand can save or hurl me  
"down; my doom rests with you. O! come, angelic  
"woman, and lead me from the gate of death to a paradisi-  
"sical life; come and reward my love, which alone sup-  
"ports my breaking heart."

P. S. "Vasconcel\*os has bled under the avenging  
"sword of the redeemers of my country."

The answer of the Countess was to the following pur-  
port:

"O! that this letter could fly on the pinions of love,  
"in order to carry instantly to my friend health and joy.  
"Yes, your request is granted. Receive, my dearest  
"Duke, to whom my HEART has yielded, receive my  
"HAND too, and the vow of eternal fidelity. My uncle  
"having recovered his health, nothing shall detain me  
"from embarking in the first vessel which shall sail for  
"Port\*\*]. The idea that your best wishes, the blessing  
"of your father and my uncle, and the guardian genius  
"of love, will conduct me on my voyage, will assist me  
"to conquer my fear of the sea. I should never have  
"done writing if this letter did not require expedition,  
"and my friend, who arrived here the day before yester-  
"day, insisted upon adding a few words to those of

"Your

"AMELIA CLAIRVAL."

"Give me leave, my Lord, to add only my sincerest  
"congratulations, and to ask your Grace, whether you  
"do not acknowledge now as a soothsayer

"Your humble and obedient servant,

ANNA DE DELIER."

The Duke had begun to mend rapidly ever since the  
Marquis consented to his union with Amelia; the letter  
of the Countess restored his health entirely. No mortal  
could be more happy and cheerful than the Duke of Cami\*a.  
It was natural that Alumbrado, who, as the au-  
thor of his happiness, had no small claim to his gratitude,  
should acquire in his eyes a value, which entirely dispel-  
led the antipathy he at first had conceived against him.  
I soon was made sensible of that change, when I took one  
time the opportunity of dropping a few words concern-  
ing Alumbrado. "I cannot conceive," the Duke repli-  
ed warmly, "why you are so much prejudiced against  
"that man; it is true his physiognomy does not speak  
"much in his recommendation; it is, however, very un-  
"philosophical to condemn a person merely on account of  
"his features." "Say whatever you will," I replied,  
"an undefinable repelling sensation, which certainly  
"does not deceive me—" "You have conceived an an-  
"tipathy against him," the Duke interrupted me, "and  
"that cannot be refuted by arguments; however, I will

"remind you of a fact, which here will be in its proper  
"place. Socrates, whose physiognomy, as you will re-  
"collect, was very much to his disadvantage, happened  
"once to be in a company of friends, when a philosopher,  
"who pretended to be a physiognomist, took the word;  
"he was requested to delineate the character of Socrates,  
"who was a stranger to him. The philosopher named  
"several vices which he pretended to read plainly in his  
"face. A general laughter was the effect of his judg-  
"ment; however, Socrates remained serious, and declar-  
"ed that he really had felt a natural propensity to those  
"vices, but had got the better of it by unremitting assidu-  
"ity. The application of this instance, I leave to your  
"own good sense."

"How?" I exclaimed with surprise, "you compare  
"Alumbrado with Socrates, an absurd ascetic with a re-  
"verend sage, hypocrisy with virtue?" This enormous  
infatuation vexed me to such a degree, that I could not  
help giving vent to my just resentment. However, I per-  
ceived soon that my words did not make the least impres-  
sion on my misguided friend. Being therefore obliged to  
desist from my endeavours to change the opinion of the  
Duke, I strove with additional assiduity to cut off his  
connection with Alumbrado, at least till he should be united  
to Amelia, expecting that this angel would soon drive  
away that demon of darkness. I proposed to the Duke  
a journey to \*\*ina, for the benefit of his health, and of-  
fered to accompany him. He consented to it without  
difficulty, expecting to beguile by exercise and diversions,  
the time which, from his impatience of seeing Amelia ar-  
rive, appeared to him to creep on with snail-like slowness.  
My aim would however have been attained without this  
expedient, Alumbrado leaving Lisbon unexpectedly; yet  
we set out on our proposed journey.

We had not been seven days at \*\*ina when the Duke  
was already impatient to leave that place. However im-  
probable it was Amelia could arrive so soon, yet this idea  
left him no rest. We returned on the eighth day, and  
travelled day and night.

It was five o'clock in the morning, when we alighted at  
his palace. Scarcely had we entered his apartment when  
his Secretary brought a letter which he said had been  
left by a pilot at a late hour last night. The Duke red-  
dened and grew pale alternately, while he opened it.—  
"She is arrived, she is arrived!" he exclaimed, and the  
letter dropped out of his hand trembling with rapture.  
"She is arrived!" he repeated, taking it up and re-peru-  
sing the gladful lines. The emotions of his mind were  
so violent, that he was obliged to sit down. "Amelia is  
arrived!" he exclaimed again, rising and straining me to  
his bosom. The letter was couched in the following  
words:

"Has not your heart told you, my dearest Duke that I  
"am near you? I should already have pressed you to my  
"panting heart, if the Captain had suffered me to go in  
"the boat which will set the pilot on shore. But he has  
"opposed my design, on account of the swelling sea and  
"the great distance. If Heaven favours us you will see  
"me to-morrow. Your AMELIA."



"Well, my friend," said the Duke, when I returned the paper to him. "has my presentiment deceived me? have not I done well to urge our return?—But why do we tarry here? (he added) let us fly to the harbour!"

The horses were instantly saddled, and we mounted them in our travelling dress. We rode in full speed, and each of us indulged silently his sentiments.—The sky was gloomy, and the universal stillness, not interrupted by the least breeze of air, seemed to presage no good. At length we fancied, with astonishment, we heard the distant rolling of thunder; however we soon perceived that it was the echo caused by the report of guns. The distant firing of cannon, and the forerunners of a rising tempest, thrilled my heart with chilling anxiety, for I apprehended the ship must be in great danger. Soon after the firing ceased, but this calm was more dreadful to me than the report of the cannon. We spurred our horses without uttering a word, for neither of us dared to confess his apprehensions. Being at length arrived at the sea shore—Heavens! what a scene of horror did we behold! the surge was dreadful, the cliffs and the strand were covered with a white sponge. The rays of the sun could not penetrate the fog which overspread the surface of the sea. We could, therefore, not discover the island where the ship was lying at anchor, it appearing to us in the shape of a black cloud, which seemed to be a mile distant from the shore. The veil which concealed the danger of the ship from our eyes only served to augment our anxiety.

A troop of mariners and soldiers under the command of Men<sup>os</sup>, were arrived with us at the shore. The drums beat, and a general volley was fired. A flash of lightning darted instantly over the sea, and immediately after it the report of a gun was heard. We all hastened to the side where we had perceived the signal, and observed, through the fog, the body and the main-yard of a large ship. We were so near that we could hear the whistling and the exclamations of the sailors, in spite of the roaring of the mountainous billows. The ship's crew fired a gun every three minutes, as soon as they perceived that assistance was near.

I admired my friend's firmness of mind with which he, at a sight that ought to have rendered him almost distracted, shewed the greatest zeal to save the crew, ordering a large fire to be lighted on the cliffs, and boards, cables, empty casks and provisions to be kept in readiness.

An impending hurricane seemed to be lurking in the air. The middle of the clouds was of a horrid blackness, and their edges were of a copper colour. The leaves of the trees were moving, and yet not a breath of air was felt. The cries of the sea fowls, who were resorting to the island for protection, resounded through the air.

At length we heard suddenly a dreadful roaring, as if foaming torrents were rushing down from the summit of a lofty mountain, and every one exclaimed, this is the hurricane! In the same moment a violent whirlwind removed the foggy veil which had concealed the island from our eyes. We had now a clear view of the ship; her whole deck was covered with people, her colours were hoisted, her fore-part was secured by four anchors, and

her stern by one. Her stem opposed the billowing waves which came roaring from the sea, and was raised to high above the surface of the water, that one could see her whole keel, while the stern was almost entirely buried in the foaming billows. The dangerous situation of the vessel rendered it impossible for her to put out to sea, or to run on shore.

The howling of the wind, and the roaring of the waves, which were swelling higher every moment, was dreadful. The whole channel between the island and the shore was a mass of white thick froth, cut through by black and hollow waves. The appearance of the horizon prognosticated a long-lasting storm. Some waves of a dreadful shape separated from the main every now and then, and darted with the velocity of lightning across the channel, while others remained immoveable like enormous rocks. Not one blue spot could be descried in the firmament; a pale faint glimmer enlightened heaven, earth and sea.

(To be continued.)

#### INSTANCE OF UNCOMMON FRIENDSHIP.

TWO Jewish soldiers, in the time of *Vespasian*, had made many campaigns together; and a participation of dangers, at length, bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other.—Their friendship might have continued, without interruption, till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a centurion under the famous *John*, who headed a particular party of the Jewish male-contents.

From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and sought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the *Jews*, to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the *Romans*, it became victorious, and drove *John*, with all his adherents, into the temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The *Roman* soldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were seen amidst them, within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things, that the now-successful soldier saw his former friend upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and, unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The Centurion from above heard and obeyed; and, casting himself from the top of the tower, into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.



## HISTORY OF THE BEARD.

THE respect which has been shewn to the Beard in all parts of the civilized, and in some parts of the uncivilized world, is well known to the slightest erudition; nay, a certain prejudice in its favour still exists, even in countries where the razor has long been omnipotent. This impression seems to arise very naturally from the habit of associating with it those ideas of experience and wisdom of which it is the emblem. It cannot wait upon the follies of youth; its bushy and descending honours are not known to grace the countenance of early life; and tho' it may be said, in some degree, to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, it continues to flourish in our decline, and attains its most honourable form and beauty when the knees tremble, the voice grows shrill, and the pate is bare.

When the bold and almost blasphemous pencil of the enthusiastic painter has aimed at representing the Creator of the world upon the canvass, a flowing beard has ever been one of the characteristic and essential marks of the Supreme Divinity. The Pagan Jupiter, and the graver inhabitants of Olympus, would not be known without this majestic ornament. Philosophy, till our smock-faced days, has considered it as the appropriate symbol of its profession. Judaic Superstition, Egyptian Wisdom, Attic Elegance, and Roman Virtue, has been its fond protectors. To make it an object of dissention, and alternately to consider it as a sign of orthodoxy or the standard of heresy, was reserved for the fantastical zeal of the Christian Church.

In more modern times, not only provincial and national, but general Councils have been convened, Synods have been summoned, ecclesiastical Congregations and cloistered Chapters of every denomination have been assembled, to consider, at different periods, the character of this venerable grown of the human visage. Infinite disputes have been, of course, engendered, sometimes with respect to its form, at other times with regard to its existence. Religion interested herself in one age, in contending for that pointed form to which Nature conducts it; at a succeeding period, anathemas have been denounced against those who refused to give it a rounder shape; and to those, other denunciations have followed, which changed it to the square or the scollop. But, while religious caprice; for religion, sorry am I to say it, seems to be troubled with caprices--quarrelled about form and shape, the disputes were confined within the pale of the European Church: but, when the beard lessened into whiskers, and the scythe of ecclesiastical discipline threatened to mow down every hair from off the face, the East sounded the alarm, and the churches of Asia and Africa took up the cause, and supported, with all the violence of argument and remonstrance, those honours of the chin that they still preserve, and to which the existing inhabitants of those climates offer up a perpetual incense.

In the history of the Gallic Church, the scenes of religious comedy still live in description. For example:—a bearded Bishop appears at the door of a Cathedral in all the pomp of Prelacy, and demands installation to the dio-

cese to which he is appointed. He is there met by a troop of beardless Canons, and refused admittance, unless he will employ the golden scissors they present to him, to cut that flowing ornament from his face, which they would think a disgrace to their own, as well as to the religion they profess. This same history, also, is not barren of examples, where the sturdy prelate has turned indignant from the disgraceful proposal, and sought the enforcing aid of sovereign power, which has not always been able, without much difficulty, to compel the reluctant chapter to acknowledge a bearded Diocesan. Others, unwilling to risk or delay the power and wealth of an episcopal throne for the sake of a cumbrous bush of hair, have, by the ready sacrifice of their beards, been installed amid acclamations and hosannas, as disgraceful as they were undeserved. It may appear still more ridiculous, but it is no less true, that some of these bishops have compounded the matter with their refractory clergy, in giving up the greater part of the beard, but retaining the growth of the upper lip in the form of whiskers. The idea of a bishop 'en moustaches' must trouble the spirit of a modern christian; but such there have been, who, in the act of sacrificing to the God of Peace, have exhibited the fierce terrific aspect of a German Pioneer.

At length, the persecuted Beard, which has been the object of such faithful veneration, finds in Europe, if we except part of Turkey, its only asylum in the Capuchin Cloister; unless we add the casual protection which is given to it by the fanatical Jew, or mendicant Hermit.

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*The following beautiful character is extracted from Mrs. D'Arblay's new work, entitled Camilla, or a Picture of Youth; Publishing by the Editor on wove paper.*

THE form and the mind of Lavinia were in the most perfect harmony. Her polished complexion was fair, clear, and transparent; her features were of the extremest delicacy, her eyes of the softest blue, and her smile displayed internal serenity. The unruffled sweetness of her disposition bore the same character of modest excellence. Joy, hope, and prosperity, sickness, sorrow, and disappointment, assailed alike in vain the uniform gentleness of her temper: yet though thus exempt from all natural turbulence, either of pleasure or of pain, the meekness of her composition degenerated not into insensibility; it was open to all the feminine feelings of pity, of sympathy, and of tenderness.

## REFLECTION ON THE EARTH.

THE Earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers, and his table with plenty; returns with interest every good committed to her care; and, though she produces the poison, she still supplies the antidote; though constantly teased more to furnish the luxuries of man than his necessities, yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and, when life is over, she piously covers his remains in her bosom.



INTERESTING HISTORY OF  
THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

With a relation of the most remarkable occurrences in the life of the celebrated Count Pulaski, well known as the champion of American Liberty, and who bravely fell in its defence before Savannah, 1779.

*Interpersed with Anecdotes of the late unfortunate KING of POLAND, so recently dethroned.*

(Continued from page 174.)

I ASSIST him to descend from his horse; he sits down upon the grass, and making me sit down by his side, he takes one of my hands and presses it between his own:

Lovzinski, you whom I have so much loved, you who know better than any one the purity of my intentions, how comes it about that you have taken up arms against me? Ungrateful Lovzinski! shall I never find you but amongst my most bitter enemies? Do you return but on purpose to sacrifice me?"

He then, in the most affecting language, recapitulates the pleasures of our early youth; our more intimate connection at an age approaching to manhood, the tender friendship which we had sworn to each other, and the regard which he had ever treated me with since that period. He spoke to me of the honours with which he would have loaded me during his reign, if I had been ambitious to merit them: he reproached me more particularly respecting the unworthy enterprise of which I appeared to be the leader, but of which, he said, he was well assured that I was no more than the instrument.

He threw all the horror of the plot upon Pulaski, representing to me, at the same time, that the author of such an attempt was not the sole culpable person; that I could not charge myself with its execution without committing a crime; and that this odious complaisance, so highly treasonable in a subject, was infinitely more in a friend. He concluded by pressing me to restore him to his liberty: "Fly," said he to me; "and be assured, if I encounter any of the Russians patrols, I shall tell them that you have pursued an opposite road from that which you have taken."

The king continued to press me with the most earnest entreaties: his natural eloquence, augmented by the danger of his situation, carried persuasion to my heart, and awakened the most tender sentiments there.

I confess that I staggered; I balanced the circumstances for some time in my own mind, but Pulaski at length triumphed.

I thought that I still heard the fierce republican reproaching me with my pusillanimity. The love of one's country has perhaps its fanaticism and its superstitions: but if I was then culpable, I am still so; I am more than ever persuaded that in obliging the king to remount his horse again, I performed an action that reflected honour on my patriotism.

"Is it thus," says he to me, in a melancholy accent, "that you reject the prayer addressed to you by a friend? that you refuse the pardon offered to you by your king? Well then, let us be gone. I deliver myself up to my unhappy fate, or rather I abandon you to yours."

We now re-commence our journey once more; but

the entreaties of the monarch, his arguments, his reproaches, his very menaces, the struggles which I felt within myself, affected me in such a manner, that I no longer could discern my way. Wandering up and down the country, I kept no one certain road: after half an hour's fatigue we found ourselves at Marimont, and I was greatly alarmed at seeing us thus return towards Warsaw, instead of leaving it at a distance.

At about a quarter of league beyond this, we unfortunately fell in with a party of Russians. The king immediately discovers himself to the commanding officer, and then instantly adds. "In the course of the preceding afternoon, I happened to bewilder myself during the chase; this good peasant, whom you see here, insisted on my partaking a frugal repast in his cottage; but as I thought that I perceived some of the soldiers of Pulaski roaming in the neighbourhood, I was desirous of returning to Warsaw immediately, and you will oblige me much by instantly accompanying me thither.

"As to you, my friend," continues he, turning at the same time towards me, "I am not at all sorry that you have given yourself this useless trouble, for I am as much pleased at returning to my capital attended by these gentlemen (pointing at the same time to the escort), as in accompanying you any farther. However, it would be improper that I should leave you without any recompence; what are you desirous of? Speak—I will grant you any favour which you may demand of me!"

It will be easy to conceive how much I was alarmed, for I was still doubtful of the king's intentions. I endeavoured therefore to discover the true meaning of his equivocal discourse, which must be either full of a bitter irony, or a magnanimous address. M. de P\*\*\* left me for some time in this cruel uncertainty: "I behold you greatly embarrassed," continues he at length, with a gracious air; "you know not what to choose! Come then, my friend, embrace me: there is indeed more honour than profit in embracing a king (adds he with a smile); however, it must be allowed, that, in my place, many monarchs would not be at this moment so generous as myself!" On uttering these words, he instantly departs, leaving me penetrated with gratitude, and confounded with so much true greatness.

However the danger which the king had so generously relieved me from, began every moment to assail me again. It was more than probable that a great number of couriers expedited from Warsaw, had spread about on all sides the astonishing news of the king's having been carried off. Already, without doubt, the ravishers were warmly pursued. My remarkable dress might betray me in my flight, and if I once more fell into the hands of any of the Russians, better informed of the circumstance, all the efforts of the king would not be able to save me. Supposing Pulaski had obtained all the success which he expected, he must still be at a great distance; a journey of ten more leagues at least remained for me to perform, and my horse was entirely spent with fatigue: I endeavoured however to spur him on, but he had not got five hundred paces before he fell under me.



A cavalier, well mounted, happened to pass along the road by the side of me, at this very moment; he perceived the poor animal tumble down, and, thinking to amuse himself at the expence of an unfortunate peasant, he began to banter me about my situation. Piqued at this buffoonery, I resolved to punish him for his raillery, and secure my own flight at one and the same time: I, therefore, instantly present one of my pistols to his breast, and oblige him to surrender his own horse to me; nay, I acknowledge to you, that, forced by the peculiarity of my situation, I despoiled him even of his cloak, which being very large, hid all my rags beneath it, which otherwise might have discovered me. I then cast my purse full of gold at the feet of the astonished traveller, and sprang forward as fast as my new horse could carry me.

Luckily for me, he was fresh and vigorous.---I dart forward twelve leagues, with all the swiftness of an arrow: at length I think I hear the firing of cannon, and I instantly conjecture that my father-in-law was at hand, and was employed in fighting the Russians.

I was not deceived---I arrive on the field of battle at the very moment when one of our regiments had given way. I instantly discover myself to the fugitives, and having rallied them beneath a neighbouring hill, I attack the enemies in flank, while Pulaski charges them in front with the remainder of his troops. Our manœuvres were so well concerted, and so admirably executed, that the Russians were entirely routed, after experiencing a terrible carnage.

Pulaski deigned to attribute to me the honour of their defeat: "Ah!" cries he, embracing me, after hearing the particulars of my expedition---"ah! if your forty followers had but equalled you in courage, the king would have been at this very moment in my camp! But the Deity does not will it. I am grateful, however, that you have been preserved to us; and I return you thanks for the important service which you have rendered me: but for you, Kaluvski would have assassinated the monarch, and my name would have been covered with an eternal opprobrium!"

"I might have been able," added he, "to have advanced two miles farther; but I rather chose to take possession of this respectable post, on account of the security of my camp. Yesterday, in the course of my march, I surprised, and cut in pieces, a party of Russians; this morning I beat two more of their detachments; but another considerable corps having collected the remainder of the vanquished, took advantage of the night, on purpose to attack me. My soldiers, fatigued with the toil of a long march, and three succeeding engagements, began to fly; but victory returned to my camp at your approach. Let us entrench ourselves here; we will wait for the Russian army, and fight while we yet have a drop of blood remaining!"

(To be continued.)

## MILITARY ANECDOTE.

GONSALVO, who was lieutenant-general to the celebrated Spanish general, the marquis of Spinola, and governor of Milan, in 1624, intending to take possession of a little walled village in the Palatine, called Ogerthiem, dispatched an officer, at the head of some troops upon that errand. On the first alarm, nine-tenths of the inhabitants removed to Mannheim, leaving behind them about twenty insignificant people, and a poor shepherd, who, beside being a brave fellow, was a man of humour. The shepherd in good time fastened the gates, let down the drawbridge, and made a wonderful shew of resistance. A trumpeter summoned the village in form, upon which the few inhabitants that remained made their escape through a postern-gate, and left only the shepherd, and the shepherdess, big with child. This unaccountable peasant, in a style of the representative of a garrison, gave audience, from the walls, to the military herald, and made his terms of capitulation, inch by inch, stipulating, at the same time, for the preservation of the state, and the free exercise of the protestant religion. Imagine, therefore, what must be the surprise of the Spaniards, when they entered the village, and found him and his wife only in it! Yet the droll peasant preserved the muscles of his countenance inflexible; and, some weeks afterward, when his wife lay in, he desired the great Gonsalvo to be godfather; which honour the pompous Spaniard, for the jest's sake, could not decline, but on the contrary, sent her some very handsome presents. This account, the historian (*Mr. Spanheim, Hist. de l'Élect. Palat.*) says, might appear a little romantic to posterity, if the notoriety of it had not been a circumstance indisputable at the time it happened.

## SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF LA MAUPIN.

FROM BURNEY'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

LA Maupin seems to have been a most extraordinary personage. "She was equally fond of both sexes, fought and lived like a man, and resisted and fell like a woman. Her adventures are of a very romantic kind. Married to a young husband, who soon was obliged to absent himself from her, to enter on an office he had obtained in Provence, she ran away with a fencing master, of whom she learnt the small sword, and became an excellent fencer, which was afterwards a useful qualification to her on several occasions. The lovers first retreated from persecution to Marseilles; but necessity soon obliged them to solicit employment there, at the opera; and, as both had by nature good voices, they were received without difficulty. But soon after this she was seized with a passion for a young person of her own sex, whom she seduced, but the object of her white-



tical affection being pursued by her friends, and taken, was thrown into the convent at Avignon, where La Maupin soon followed her; and having presented herself as a novice obtained admission. Some time after, she set fire to the convent, and availing herself of the confusion she had occasioned, carried off her favourite. But being pursued and taken, she was condemned to the flames for contumacy: a sentence, however, which was not executed, as the young Marseillaise was found and restored to her friends.

"She then went to Paris, and made her first appearance on the opera stage in 1695, when she performed the part of Pallas, in Cadmus, with the greatest success. The applause was so violent, that she was obliged, in her car, to take off her casque to salute and thank the public, which redoubled their marks of approbation. From that time her success was uninterrupted. Cumeni, the singer, having affronted her, she put on men's clothes, watched for him in the Place des Victoires, and insisted on his drawing his sword and fighting her, which he refusing, she caned him, and took from him his watch and snuff-box. Next day, Dumeni, having boasted at the opera-house, that he had defended himself against three men who attempted to rob him, she related the whole story, and produced his watch and snuff-box in proof of her having caned him for his cowardice. Thevenard was nearly treated in the same manner, and had no other way of escaping her chastisement, than by publicly asking her pardon, after hiding himself at the Palace Royal during three weeks. At a ball given by Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV. she again put on men's clothes, and having behaved impudently to a lady, three of her friends, supposing La Maupin to be a man, called her out. She might easily have avoided the combat by discovering her sex, but she instantly drew, and killed them all three. Afterwards returning very coolly to the ball, she told the story to Monsieur, who obtained her pardon.

#### ANECDOTE OF MONS. DE SARTINE.

AN Irish gentleman, who wished to purchase an estate in France, lodged his money in the hand of a banker, who took it, as common on the continent, without giving the gentleman a voucher: but lodged it in an iron chest, and gave to the gentleman the key. When the contract for the purchase was made, he called on his banker to receive his cash, when the latter peremptorily denied his having received any such sum, or having any money transaction whatever with the gentleman.—In this dilemma the injured party was advised to apply to M. de Sartine, and he accordingly did so, and told him his story. The minister sent for the banker, and asked him, if he had not received such a sum! The banker readily denied it. "Very well (replied M. de Sartine) then sit down and write a letter which I shall dictate to you, and you shall continue in the room with me until the answer arrives." Paper was brought, and

Sartine dictated, and made him write a letter to his wife, to the following effect:—"My dear wife, you must immediately send to me the sum which Mons. \_\_\_\_\_ left in my hands, and which was deposited originally in the iron chest, in the counting-house, but was removed you know whither. You must send it instantly, or else I shall be sent to the Bastille. I am already in the hands of justice." The banker stared—"Mon Dieu! (says he) must I send this letter to my wife?"—"You must (says the minister): I dare say, if you are guilty of the robbery, your wife, who is remarkable for her ingenuity, was privy to it, and she will obey your commands: if you are innocent, she cannot comprehend the order which you send, and will say so in her answer. We will make the experiment, and if you resist, you shall go immediately to the Bastille."

The resolution was decisive. The letter was sent, and in less than an hour the money was brought in the bags in which it was originally sealed, and restored to the original owner. M. de Sartine discharged the banker, telling him the matter should be kept a secret, provided he acted with more faith and honesty for the future.

#### NEW-YORK.

##### MARRIED,

On Saturday evening the 19th ult. at Florida, (Ulster County) by the Rev. Mr. Jaline, Mr. BENONA BRADNER, of Sugar-Loaf, to Miss MARY JEANS, of that place.

On Thursday evening the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. JOSHUA PARKER, to Miss SALLY VAN AULEN, daughter of Mr. Cornelius Van Aulen, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Phelps, Mr. JAMES WHITING, to Miss DEBORA ALLEN both of this city.

##### ON THE DEATH OF A BABY NINE DAYS OLD:

THE cup of life just to her lip she press'd,  
Found the taste bitter, and declin'd the rest;  
Averse, then turning from the face of day,  
She gently sigh'd her little soul away.

##### ON A BEE

##### HAVING STUNG THE THIGH OF AN OLD MAID.

ON the annals of fame with Columbus you stand,  
Who fought the American shore;  
Advent'rous like him, you explore a new land,  
Where none ever travell'd before.

##### EPICRAM.

WOMEN were born, so fate declares,  
To smooth our linen and our cares;  
And 'tis but just, for, by my troth,  
They're very apt to REVILE both.

## ODE TO POESY.

## I.

**H**ALL Poesy! celestial maid!  
 Who loves, reclin'd near purling stream,  
 To rest beneath the beachen shade,  
 "Wrapt in some wild fantastic dream."  
 Howe'er intent on other cares,  
 Still deign to hear a suppliant's pray'rs!  
 Who fain would view thy ample store,  
 And all thy secret haunts explore,  
 Where, as enraptur'd bards have told,  
 Whose eyes have peer'd thy stores among,  
 Gnomes, sylphs, and sprites, their dwelling hold,  
 Till call'd by thee to grace their song;  
 Where fairies, clad in bright attire,  
 Faint lighted by the glow-worm's fire,  
 Are seen to gambol to the breeze,  
 Which nightly plays amongst the trees;  
 And while, with silent step, their round they pace,  
 The flitting dew-drops gem the consecrated place.

## II.

Or, if thou rather chuse to dwell  
 Intent to hear the beating wave,  
 In sparry grot, or rocky cell,  
 Or in the subterraneous cave,  
 Where to relieve perpetual night,  
 Dim lamps emit a feeble light;  
 While bound with necromantic tie,  
 A thousand weeping virgins lie,  
 Who, to enjoy the blaze of day,  
 To view once more the azure sky,  
 And drink the sun's all-cheering ray,  
 Oft heave the unavailing sigh;  
 Till some advent'rous knight shall dare  
 (Long try'd in tournaments and war)  
 Assay to break the magic chain,  
 And give them liberty again;  
 In ruin wide the self-built structure spread,  
 And hid dependency erect her drooping head.

## III.

Or, if those scenes delight thee more,  
 Which erst thy Ariosto drew,  
 O teach my muse like his to soar,  
 And ope thy treasures to her view!  
 For all that captivates the mind,  
 In his aspiring verse we find;  
 Where, wrapt in fancy's pleasing gulf,  
 Conceal'd, the useful moral lies;  
 Where chivalry's proud hosts, array'd  
 In all the dignity of war,  
 Appear, a splendid cavalcade,  
 Adorn'd with many a trophy'd ear;  
 Where fair Alcina's radiant charms,  
 With lawless bliss the bosom warms,  
 Till, in Atlante's reverend form,  
 Melissa at rogates the charm;  
 Recals the soul, for nobler deeds design'd,  
 And writes the glowing moral on the mind.

## IV.

If such thy votaries of old,  
 Some portion of their fire impart;  
 Then sportive fancy, uncontroll'd,  
 Shall spurn the rigid rules of art:—  
 But if in vain thy suppliant plead,  
 And if thy mandate has decreed  
 These magic stores conceal'd must lie,  
 Impervious to another's eye;  
 Still, O celestial maid! display  
 Those tranquil scenes where beauty reigns,  
 And triumphs, with unrivall'd sway,  
 O'er rising hills and flow'ry plains,  
 And streams that, murmur'ing as they flow,  
 Might lure the mourner from his woe;  
 Let pointed satire too be mine,  
 Aided by Johnson's nervous line:—  
 And mine the pow'r to wake the tender sigh,  
 And call the pearly tear from Pity's melting eye.

## V.

Then lead me near some winding stream,  
 Whose surface, ruffled by the breeze,  
 Reflects chaste Dian's silver beam,  
 Faintly beheld thro' shadowy trees:  
 Then as I view, with joy serene,  
 The beauties of this tranquil scene;  
 If contrast aid the pow'rs of rhyme,  
 To make the beautiful sublime—  
 Bid the hoarse thunder loudly roar,  
 And driving clouds invest the skies;  
 While swelling torrents round me pour,  
 From rugged rocks their fresh supplies;  
 Which, bursting on the plains below,  
 The lightning's transient flashes shew,  
 Unfolding to th' astonish'd sight  
 A cataract of foaming light.—  
 Be scenes like these thy suppliant's award!  
 And give thine other stores to some more happy bard.

BEAUTY.  
A SONG.

**W**HEN fascinating beauty smiles,  
 Tho' deem'd a transient flow'r,  
 Vain man, with all his boasted might,  
 Submissive owns its pow'r.

Beauty makes misers quit their gold,  
 And cruelty its rage,  
 And gives the ardent fires of youth  
 To antiquated age.

Th' imposter Mahomet, who knew  
 The sweets and pow'r of love,  
 With ever-blooming beauties fill'd  
 His blissful courts above.

Aright this great observer judg'd  
 That beauty's promis'd charms,  
 Would lure whole millions to his aid,  
 And bless his conqu'ring arms.